

Trees Get Wheeled Away

Bright Eyes

Anchormen spike their blood
Wear masks of mud
Cucumbers cut to fit their eyes
And so no one would know how tired they've grown
Of talking and telling their lies

While the TVs change stations scroll messages
Victims and Christians both drinking blood
And they'll pray for the destruction of all hatred
More often just those with hate for us

Cause it hurts when you discover one's worse and one's better
To suffer or cause others to
And you can live by your conscience
Now guilt is a concept
You're no longer subscribing to

There's a virgin in my bed
And she's taking off her dress
And I'm not sure what I am gonna do
There's a song stuck in my head
And I can't help singing it
Oh how I hope my singing pleases you
Cause this is not who I've become
But what you make me into

Oh we got no health insurance
No cellular service
No disease they can cure
But we need more money to burn
So each person must learn the dollar amount they are worth

And those pills make me dizzy
Forgetting my body
I watch as it walks away
And I just keep drinking the poison
And smoking the cartons
A pack and a half a day

So when time comes to claim me
My friends and my family will gather around my grave
And they'll believe that they knew me and loved me and missed me
And all call me by my name

So imagine what you want
And then hold on to that thought
Cause that's as close as it will ever come
And believe you're where you are
Keep acting out the part
But at the end of the day the trees all get wheeled away
And you'll be standing alone in a blank blank space

So believe you're who you are
And stay in character
But at the end of the play the audience walks away
And I'll be shivering cold on a well lit stage.